THE BEST OF BRITISH COMICS—IT'S

TERRIFIC

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GIANT-MAN and the Wonderful WASP!

PART TWO OF

"on the trail of SPIDER-MAN!"

THE DREAD EGG-HEAD HAS *HATCHED* A SINISTER PLOT AND *TRICKED* HIGHPOCKETS INTO FIGHTING *SPIDER-MAN!!*

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1965

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THERE'S NO PLACE YOU CAN GO THAT I CAN'T FOLLOW...ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

MISTER, YOU'VE GOT NOTHING GOING FOR YOU, EXCEPT SIZE/... AND THAT'S NOT GOING TO DO YOU ANY GOOD AGAINST ME!
NO? WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON YOU! YOU'LL SING A DIFFERENT TUNE!

I WONDER WHY THEY'RE FIGHTING EACH OTHER?
BEATS ME! BUT WE'D BETTER STOP THEM!
CIGAR

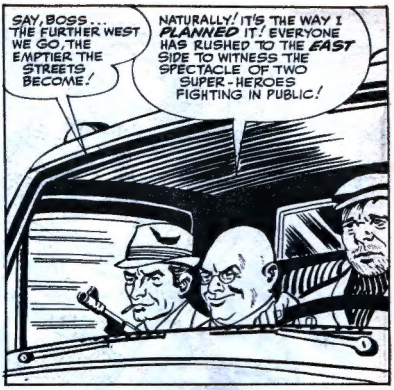
SEND REINFORCEMENTS, CHIEF! NO HARM DONE YET, BUT ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN WITH GIANT-MAN AND SPIDER-MAN SLUGGING IT OUT!
POLICE

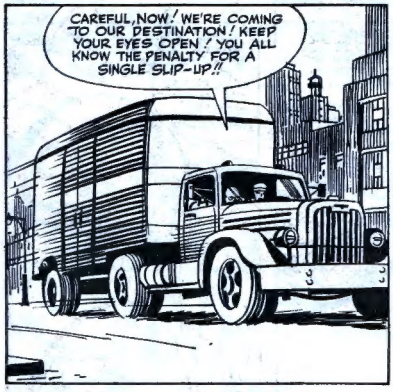
AT THAT MOMENT, EGGHEAD TURNS OFF HIS POLICE-BAND SHORT WAVE RADIO, AND...
HEAR THAT? IT'S JUST WHAT WE WANTED!

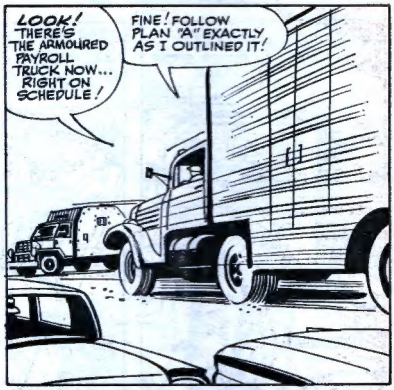
WITH THE POLICE SENDING EVERY AVAILABLE MAN TO THE EAST SIDE OF TOWN, WE'LL BE ABLE TO MOVE FREELY ON THE WEST SIDE, AS PLANNED!
IT'S ALMOST LIKE YOU'VE GOT THOSE TWO MASKED CLOWNS WORKIN' FOR YA, EGGHEAD!

I ALWAYS SAID I COULD ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING WITH MY BRAINS!! AND NOW, LET'S GET MOVING!
THE PAYROLL TRUCK WE'RE AFTER SHOULD BE LEAVING THE WEST SIDE HIGHWAY AT THIS VERY MOMENT!!

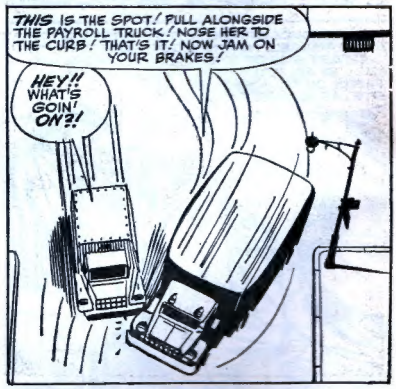
TAKE YOUR POSITIONS IN THE TRUCK WE HIRED FOR JUST THIS PURPOSE! COME ON... MOVE!!
WITH A GENIUS LIKE EGGHEAD LEADING US, THIS'LL BE THE ROBBERY OF THE CENTURY!


SAY, BOSS... THE FURTHER WEST WE GO, THE EMPTIER THE STREETS BECOME!
NATURALLY! IT'S THE WAY I PLANNED IT! EVERYONE HAS RUSHED TO THE EAST SIDE TO WITNESS THE SPECTACLE OF TWO SUPER-HEROES FIGHTING IN PUBLIC!

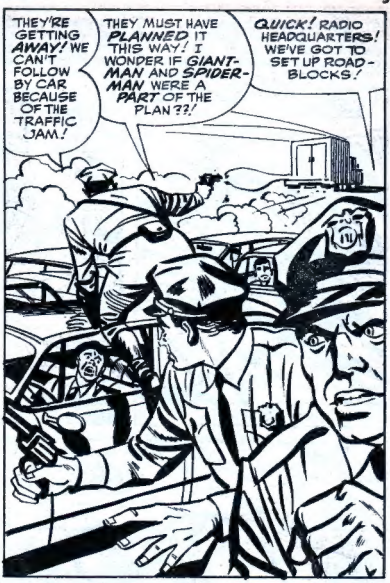

CAREFUL, NOW! WE'RE COMING TO OUR DESTINATION! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! YOU ALL KNOW THE PENALTY FOR A SINGLE SLIP-UP!!


LOOK! THERE'S THE ARMOURED PAYROLL TRUCK NOW... RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!
FINE! FOLLOW PLAN "A" EXACTLY AS I OUTLINED IT!

WAIT TILL THEY REACH THE NEXT CORNER! IT'S WHERE THE POLICE HAVE SET UP A BLOCKADE TO KEEP THE CROWDS FROM GETTING TOO CLOSE TO GIANT-MAN'S BATTLE!


THIS IS THE SPOT! PULL ALONGSIDE THE PAYROLL TRUCK! NOSE HER TO THE CURB! THAT'S IT! NOW JAM ON YOUR BRAKES!
HEY!! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?!

SAY, JOE... LOOK! OVER THERE!
EGGHEAD! THE COPS SEE US!!
I EXPECTED THAT! JUST KEEP HAULING THE CAR INTO OUR TRUCK WITH YOUR HYDRAULIC GRAPPLING HOOK!
WE'RE BEING PULLED INTO THAT BIG TRAILER VAN!

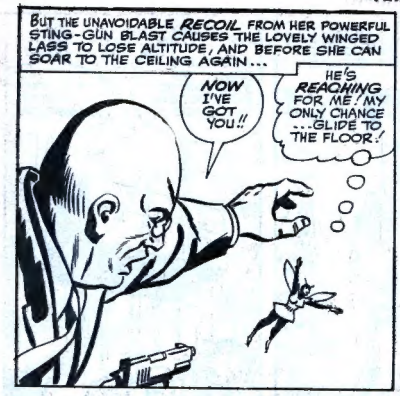

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY! WE CAN'T FOLLOW BY CAR BECAUSE OF THE TRAFFIC JAM!
THEY MUST HAVE PLANNED IT THIS WAY! I WONDER IF GIANT-MAN AND SPIDER-MAN WERE A PART OF THE PLAN??!
QUICK! RADIO HEADQUARTERS! WE'VE GOT TO SET UP ROAD-BLOCKS!

MEANWHILE, HIGH ABOVE THE CITY, WE FIND...
I TOLD YOU YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FROM ME!!
ESCAPE?? YOU'VE GOT IT BACKWARDS, BIG MAN! I'M JUST GETTIN' YOU INTO POSITION FOR MY KNOCKOUT PUNCH!!
I NEVER REALIZED HANK CARED SO MUCH FOR ME! HE'S NEVER BEEN SO FIGHTING MAD BEFORE!

OKAY, GIANT-MAN! HERE'S WHERE YOU LEARN WHAT HAPPENS TO ANYONE WHO TACKLES ME WITHOUT ANY REASON!!
WHO ARE YOU KIDDING?? WE KNOW YOU WERE ABOUT TO ATTACK US!!
HOLD IT! WHAT IF YOU ARE BOTH WRONG??

AT THAT CRITICAL MOMENT, AN ALERT ANT SENSES THE PRESENCE OF THE ONE WHO SENT THE ORIGINAL MESSAGE A SHORT TIME BEFORE!
WE MADE IT, EGGHEAD!
SHUT UP AND KEEP DRIVING!
INSTANTLY, ANOTHER MESSAGE IS TRANSMITTED TO THE LEADER OF THE ANT WORLD, UNSUSPECTED BY EGGHEAD OR HIS MEN...
INTO THE HIDEOUT... QUICK! NOBODY WILL EVER FIND US HERE!
BUT EGGHEAD HAS NOT COUNTED ON ONE THING...
SPIDER-MAN... WAIT! MY ANTS ARE CONTACTING ME! LOOKS LIKE WE WERE BOTH DECEIVED!
WHAT IS IT, BLUE EYES??
I'VE GOT TO TAKE A SHRINKING CAPSULE! NO TIME TO EXPLAIN ...JUST FOLLOW ME!
IF THIS IS A TRICK OF YOURS, IT WON'T WORK!!
IT'S NO TRICK, FELLA! YOU'RE WELCOME TO FOLLOW, IF YOU CAN! BUT YOU'LL BE FOLLOWING ANT-MAN THIS TIME!
HERE COMES ONE OF MY FLYING ANTS, IN ANSWER TO MY CYBERNETIC SUMMONS!!
WELL, WELL! YOU'RE A REGULAR BAG OF TRICKS!! BUT WHERE YOU GO, I GO, BUSTER... NO MATTER WHAT SIZE YOU ARE!!
BE MY GUEST! I'M HEADING FOR THE DOCKS!
I MAY NOT HAVE A FLYING ANT TO RIDE, BUT MY LI'L OL' WEB WILL GET ME THERE EVEN FASTER!

AND, LITTLE DREAMING THAT HE'S "ON-TARGET" FOR TWO OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER-HEROES, EGGHEAD CONTINUES WITH HIS MASTER PLAN...
KEEP THE GUARDS LOCKED INSIDE THEIR TRUCK AND START UNLOADING THE LOOT!
SO INTENT ARE THEY ON WHAT THEY'RE DOING, THAT EGGHEAD'S MEN FAIL TO NOTICE TWO SILENT STRANDS OF WEBBING SLOWLY DESCENDING...
SOMETHING YANKED THE STRONGBOX RIGHT OUT OF OUR HANDS!!
THE JOINT MUST BE HAUNTED!
IT'S SPIDER-MAN! GET HIM, YOU FOOLS! WE'VE COME TOO FAR TO BE STOPPED NOW!!
YOU BOYS MUST HAVE READ ENOUGH STORIES AND SEEN ENOUGH MOVIES TO KNOW THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY!!
LUCKY MY SPIDER-SENSE GUIDED ME RIGHT TO THE SPOT WHERE THIS STOLEN STRONG-BOX WAS TAKEN!
UH-OH! EVEN SPIDER-MAN CAN'T LAUGH OFF STEEL BULLETS!!
COME DOWN FROM THERE... OR ELSE!!
OR ELSE YOU BOYS WILL FEEL THE WASP'S STING! IS THAT WHAT YOU MEAN??
HMM... I GUESS IT IS!!
YEOW!


BUT THE UNAVOIDABLE RECOIL FROM HER POWERFUL STING-GUN BLAST CAUSES THE LOVELY WINGED LASS TO LOSE ALTITUDE, AND BEFORE SHE CAN SOAR TO THE CEILING AGAIN...
NOW I'VE GOT YOU!!
HE'S REACHING FOR ME! MY ONLY CHANCE ...GLIDE TO THE FLOOR!

THERE SHE IS... UNDER YOUR FOOT!! DON'T LET HER GET AWAY!!
I'VE ONLY GOT TWO MORE CHARGES LEFT IN MY STINGER! HAVE TO MAKE THEM BOTH COUNT!

WHERE'S YOUR MANNERS, BIG BOY? IT ISN'T POLITE TO STEP ON A LADY!!

BOY! THEY PLAY ROUGH IN THIS LEAGUE!!
LET ME HAVE 'ER, EGGHEAD!

YOU FRESH THING!! WE HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN FORMALLY INTRODUCED!

UH-OH! THAT WAS MY LAST STING CHARGE! NOW, I'M A MIGHTY WORRIED LITTLE WASP!
GIANT-MAN! WHEREVER YOU ARE, DON'T BE BASHFUL... SHOW YOURSELF!!

THEN, IN THE TIME IT TAKES TO SWALLOW ONE ENLARGING CAPSULE ...
GIANT-MAN!! HOW'D YOU GET HERE ??
IT WASN'T EASY, EGGHEAD! I RAN OUT OF TUBE TICKETS AND HAD TO WAIT HOURS FOR A TAXI!
LOOK AT THE SIZE OF 'IM! HE CAN AFFORD TO MAKE WITH THE WISE-CRACKS!!

LOOK OUT WITH THAT PEA SHOOTER, EGGHEAD! YOU MIGHT HIT US!
CAN'T HOLD 'IM! HE'S SWINGIN' US AROUND LIKE YO-YO'S!
YOU AND YOUR CRUMMY PLANS! SO THEY'D FINISH EACH OTHER OFF WHILE WE ROBBED THE ARMOURED TRUCK, EH ??
SO THAT'S THE EXPLANATION!

MY PLAN STILL HASN'T FAILED! FIRST I'LL FINISH OFF GIANT-MAN, AND THEN WE'LL SEARCH FOR SPIDER-MAN!
YOU WON'T HAVE TO SEARCH VERY FAR, CURLY!

FIRST OF ALL, GIVE ME THAT TOY BEFORE YOU HURT YOUR TUBBY LITTLE SELF!
HE'S HERE! GET HIM!

SORRY, EGGHEAD! YOUR PISTOL-PACKIN' PUNKS ARE BUSY AT THE MOMENT!

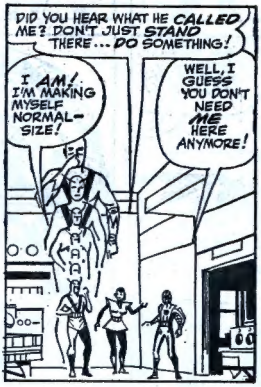
WE'VE WON! IT'S OVER! BUT, WHY DO I STILL FEEL SO HOSTILE TOWARDS SPIDER-MAN ?? I GUESS IT'S BECAUSE WASPS AND SPIDERS ARE SUCH NATURAL ENEMIES!

WE HAD NO REASON TO FIGHT! EGGHEAD TRIED TO TRICK US! BUT KEEP THE WASP AWAY FROM ME... SHE MAKES ME SEE RED!
HONEY, YOU HEARD THE MAN! HE CAN'T HELP IT... IT'S HIS NATURAL SPIDER INSTINCT!

L-LOOK, GIANT-MAN! THERE'S NO NEED FOR US TO BE ENEMIES! THERE'S ENOUGH STOLEN LOOT HERE FOR ALL OF US TO DIVIDE!
FOR SHAME, EGGHEAD! YOU KNOW THAT MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL!

WELL, HOW ABOUT YOU, SPIDER-MAN? IF YOU BEAT GIANT-MAN FOR ME, I'LL...
FORGET IT! WHY DON'T YOU ASK ME TO DO SOMETHING EASY?? LIKE BRING YOU FORT KNOX!!

OKAY, BOYS! THE PARTY'S OVER! THE POLICE SHOULD BE OUTSIDE BY NOW, SO START WALKING!
WITH PLEASURE! ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN FIGHTIN' YOU, AND THAT WEB-SPINNER, AND THAT NUTTY FLYIN' FEMALE!


DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE CALLED ME? DON'T JUST STAND THERE... DO SOMETHING!
I AM! I'M MAKING MYSELF NORMAL-SIZE!
WELL, I GUESS YOU DON'T NEED ME HERE ANYMORE!

I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, SON! WE NEVER DID!
I WASN'T TALKING TO YOU, LADY! I WOULDN'T WASTE MY BREATH!

OH, GO ON BACK TO YOUR SLIMY OL' SPIDERS... AND GOOD RIDDANCE!!
I'LL TAKE SPIDERS OVER THOSE USELESS FLYING WASPS ANY DAY!

THANK GOODNESS HE'S GONE! OH!! OF ALL THE NASTY, HATEFUL, UNPLEASANT PEOPLE I'VE EVER MET...!!
HE'S A HANDY LAD TO HAVE AROUND IN A PINCH, HONEY! IT'S UNFORTUNATE THAT SPIDERS AND WASPS ARE NATURAL ENEMIES!

AND SO WE LEAVE OUR TWO PARTNERS-IN-PERIL WATCHING THE DEPARTURE OF THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN... LITTLE DREAMING THAT FATE HAS A STILL STRANGER ADVENTURE IN STORE FOR THEM... AND FOR YOU... NEXT ISSUE!! SEE YOU THEN...!

TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:— *TERRIFIC* 64, LONG ACRE LONDON, W.C.2

Dear Alf and Bart,
This is a tale of a frantic one. When I went for my ishes of TERRIFIC and FANTASTIC to the newsagent, I came out engrossed in TERRIFIC! I did not know I was walking around in ever diminishing circles until I bumped into myself and tore my TERRIFIC (I should have faced front!).
I hold you guys responsible for the catastrophic damage both to my ever lovin' face and my precious ish. In fact I've been holding you responsible so long my arm is aching!
Tommy Law, Manchester

That's the way the mop flops, Thomas, you can always drop us—or can you?
Alf and Bart

Dear Alf and Bart,
Are you letting that nutter Louis Jenkins insult Doctor Strange (back in ish No. 27) I say murder him! THE AVENGERS are great. DON'T remove Don Starr! Also how do you stop cats from *sitting* on Terrific?
J. Sanders,
Bognor Regis, Sussex.

Play *God Save The Queen*!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Listen here (mustn't get too tough)! You said (after answering Stephen Dolan's letter in Terrific ten, 27 Terrific's back) that Giant-man's costume was made out of special expandable and reducible material, but when Porcupine in Terrific 30 took six or seven reducing capsules the suit and he himself shrunk. I know how he shrunk but my brain (or yours) doesn't tell me how the suit shrunk! Your expandable,
Tony D. Cosmo,
Loughborough, Leics.

You've put your finger onto a prickly problem, Tony. Could be it was a boob—but up here we prefer to call it *poetic licence*!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I was reading my brother's TERRIFIC in bed and I just had to write to you about the Wasp's costume (it's horrible). For one thing you can't see any of her hair, which makes her look bald! And sometimes when she's tiny she looks like a pixy. I don't like the rest of her costume either. Couldn't you at least change her head gear so that you can at least see *some* of her hair. Apart from that the rest of the comic mag is just too good for words! The comic is perfect.
Yours Terrificly,
Pauline Bromilow,
Dingle, Lancs.

What's wrong with looking like a pixy, Pauline? We think the Wasp really looks dishy—and that seems to be the general opinion of most F.O.s. Remember that she has to wear a helmet to hold her cybernetic system.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
In Terrific 23, S. Carter said that to be a true frantic follower you have to have a letter printed in a power mag. Well I say he's wrong. I have tried four times to have a letter printed in a power mag and I have never done it. So why do you have to have a letter printed in a power mag?
P. Hall,
Lichfield, Staffs.

You're quite right, P.H. After all it's a matter of luck to some extent—as well as genius—whether or not one reader's letter is published and not another's. Many of you, for example, send in letters on the same subject and if we can't decide which is the most amusing or informative—well, then it's just the first one opened that gets printed. That is why we keep having to tell you not to get mad at us if *your* particular letter never hits the page—we try to be as selective as we can, but there is always that element of luck!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I could probably recite, word for word, every single page in your fab mag TERRIFIC. 'Cause after I've read frantically through the main stories, I go over it again, and again, and again, and again, and again. . . . (Sorry! I've had to take a few minutes rest, to calm down.) I'm growing thin and weak from lack of food, 'cause I'm so sick with worry and excitement as to what's going to happen. But I make up for it on a Tuesday, when I have a feast while I read what happens to my heroes. They each have an equal part in my heart. Say, that rhymes!
Cheryl Gryce,
Swinton, Yorks

P.S. If you send me a T-shirt, I might find the time to eat that too!!

Looks as if it's a *tea*-shirt you want, C.G.!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
You don't usually make mistakes in your fantastic, terrific, Power papers, but, as I was browsing through my utterly fantabulous Power publication Terrific 26 for the 21st time, I noticed that on page 21, fifth frame, that HAWKEYE had no mask on. What happened to it? Did it melt? Or maybe that cute little bazooka gave him such a shock that it fell off!
R. C. Rodgers,
Dungannon, N. Ireland.

PS. I am writing this letter on my darling (cor!) sister's prehistoric typewriter. It has taken me half hour to write this.

P.PS. Deliveries of TERRIFIC ARE ALL WONKEY in my district!

Maybe he thought it was *midnight* at a *masked ball*, R.C.R., and took it off so that he could be recognised. Maybe it was another ever lovin' boob!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I think you should take out Don Starr. If you don't I shall send you my four year old brother by post and he is worse than Paul Corrigan's sister!
A disgruntled Richard Abels,
South Shields, Co. Durham

Don't do it, Richard, think of the Postman! That poor guy has already had his *feet* flattened by humping in the never-ending, overflowing sacks of garret mail—it would be too bad if he had his face flattened too!

Anyway, could be your little brother is a Don Starr fan—there are a lot of them about!
Alf and Bart.

Put an AVENGER T-SHIRT on your back—write NOW to this page

DON STARR HAS AN...
APPOINTMENT WITH FEAR!
THIS WHOLE BUSINESS STARTED WITH SOMEONE TRYING TO FRIGHTEN ME INTO A GIBBERING WRECK — AND IT LOOKS AS IF IT'S GOING TO END THAT WAY!
GHOSTS, A MAD FILM PRODUCER AND A HOUSE FILLED WITH A THOUSAND DEVICES! IN THE MIDDLE OF IT DON STARR STRUGGLES TO FIND A WAY OUT— AND KEEP HIS SANITY...

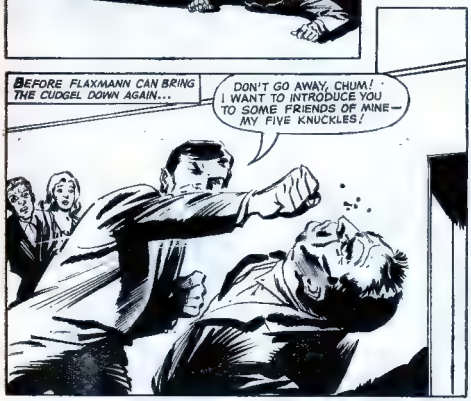
DON CONTINUES HIS SEARCH FOR FREEDOM— AND FINDS A LOCKED DOOR
IF I HAD A LADIES' HAIR PIN, A BLACK AND DECKER ELECTRIC DRILL, OR A BLOW LAMP IN MY POCKET I COULD OPEN IT. AS IT IS...

...I'LL HAVE TO PRETEND I'M BACK ON THE RUGGER FIELD!

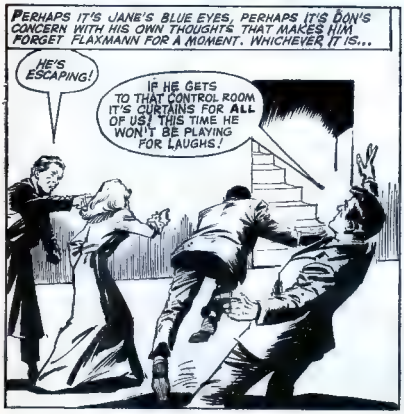
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...
HE HASN'T MOVED, SO HE MUST BE UNCONSCIOUS! I'LL FINISH HIM OFF BEFORE HE COMES ROUND — HE WAS GETTING TOO CLOSE TO ESCAPE!

YOU HAVE INTERFERED LONG ENOUGH, STARR
MR FLAXMANN!

THE SCREAM IS ENOUGH TO MAKE FLAXMANN MISS — AND TO PENETRATE DON'S BEFUDDLED BRAIN...
WHASMARRER... WHO SCREAMED... WHA'S GOING ON?


BEFORE FLAXMANN CAN BRING THE CUDGEL DOWN AGAIN...
DON'T GO AWAY, CHUM! I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO SOME FRIENDS OF MINE— MY FIVE KNUCKLES!

WHERE IS PETER? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HIM? IF HE'S HURT I'LL...
CALM DOWN, JANE! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT BY NOW! HE GOT A BANG ON THE HEAD SOMEWHERE IN THIS CONFOUNDED CELLAR!
AND I MUST HAVE HAD A BANG ON THE HEAD TO THINK SHE MIGHT GO FOR ME!


PERHAPS IT'S JANE'S BLUE EYES, PERHAPS IT'S DON'S CONCERN WITH HIS OWN THOUGHTS THAT MAKES HIM FORGET FLAXMANN FOR A MOMENT. WHICHEVER IT IS...
HE'S ESCAPING!
IF HE GETS TO THAT CONTROL ROOM IT'S CURTAINS FOR ALL OF US! THIS TIME HE WON'T BE PLAYING FOR LAUGHS!

BUT FLAXMANN DOES NOT MAKE FOR THE CONTROL ROOM...
THOSE STAIRS LEAD TO THE ROOF. THE FOOL'S TRAPPED HIMSELF!
THE WIRE AND PULLEY SYSTEM ON THE TOWER WAS SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THE FILM'S FINALE...

NOW IT WILL CARRY ME TO THE GROUND INSTEAD OF SOME ACTOR!

BUT AS FLAXMANN PREPARES THE "FLYING" HARNESS A FIGURE APPEARS...
MASTERS! YOU WILL NOT STOP ME NOW — NO ONE WILL!

BUT IT IS NOT MASTERS...
NO! NO! YOU CAN'T BE...

FLAXMANN IS GOING FAST...
PITY ABOUT THE FILM — IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A SMASHEROO! I WAS GOING TO CALL IT 'APPOINTMENT WITH FEAR'. WHY DON'T YOU MAKE IT, STARR?
SURE, SURE! BUT I GUESS NO ONE COULD DO IT AS WELL AS THE GREAT MARTIN FLAXMANN!

AND WITH THE DEATH OF MARTIN FLAXMANN OUR STORY REALLY COMES TO AN END. BUT WE CAN'T FINISH ON SUCH A GLOOMY NOTE. INSTEAD WE'LL TAKE IN THE SCENE LATER THAT EVENING...
OH DON, ISN'T IT WONDERFUL? THE SOLICITOR SAYS PETER CAN HAVE THE HOUSE FOR HIS NURSING HOME AFTER ALL!
AND I...WE... PETER AND I ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED!
SAY, THAT'S MARVELLOUS! CONGRATULATIONS — BOTH OF YOU!

OH WELL, EVEN IN FLAXMANN'S FILM I EXPECT THE GOOD GUY WOULD HAVE GOT THE GIRL IN THE END!
ME, ALL I GOT IS A HEADACHE AND A BODY FULL OF BRUISES!

BUT THAT'S ONE GUY WHO ENDED UP HAPPILY I GUESS THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE HAUNTINGS ON THE NIGHT OF THE MASSACRE!
NEXT WEEK: MEET MR. BIG!

THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!

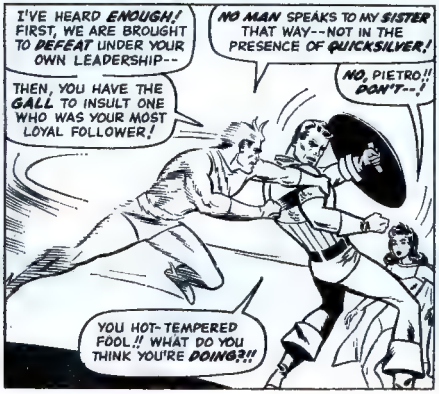
"THE ROAD BACK"

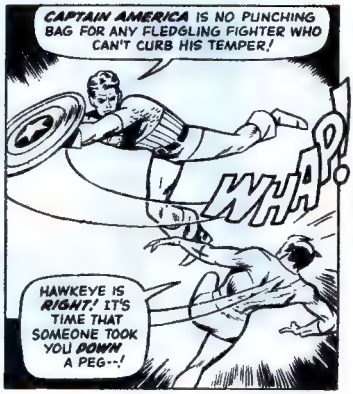
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.1965

HAWKEYE, AFTER ALL YOUR BIG TALK, ARE YOU GIVING UP AS EASY AS THAT?
YOU'RE NOT IMPRESSIN' ANYONE WITH THAT HERO-TYPE SPEECH! WE'RE LICKED AND YOU KNOW IT!
AT LEAST, LET US SAY GOODBYE AS FRIENDS!
THERE IS NOTHING MORE TO BE SAID! WHY PROLONG THIS UNHAPPY MOMENT!

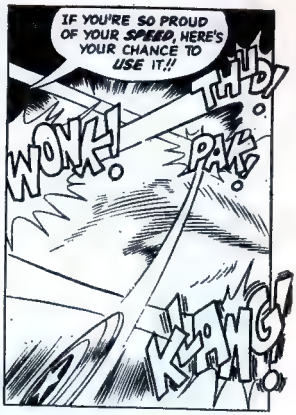
ALL RIGHT THEN-- TAKE OFF-- ALL OF YOU! I NEVER COULD STOMACH A BUNCH OF QUITTERS!
STEVE ROGERS, I RESENT THAT!

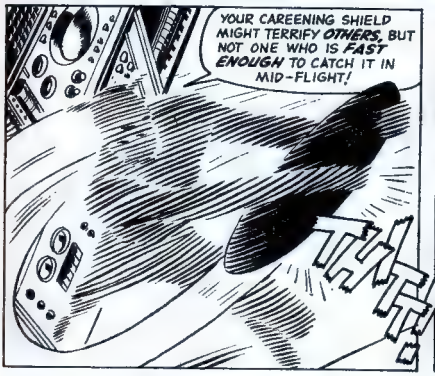
ONLY A FOOL FIGHTS ON AFTER THE BATTLE HAS BEEN LOST!
A MAN SHOULD BE ABLE TO ACCEPT DEFEAT GRACEFULLY!
LADY, HOW DID YOU EVER BECOME AN AVENGER?


I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! FIRST, WE ARE BROUGHT TO DEFEAT UNDER YOUR OWN LEADERSHIP--
NO MAN SPEAKS TO MY SISTER THAT WAY--NOT IN THE PRESENCE OF QUICKSILVER!
NO, PIETRO!! DON'T--!
THEN, YOU HAVE THE GALL TO INSULT ONE WHO WAS YOUR MOST LOYAL FOLLOWER!
YOU HOT-TEMPERED FOOL!! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!!


CAPTAIN AMERICA IS NO PUNCHING BAG FOR ANY FLEDGLING FIGHTER WHO CAN'T CURB HIS TEMPER!
WHAP!
HAWKEYE IS RIGHT! IT'S TIME THAT SOMEONE TOOK YOU DOWN A PEG--!

AND I AM MORE THAN HAPPY TO BE THE ONE TO DO IT! EVEN YOUR PROWESS CANNOT COMBAT MY LIGHTNING SPEED!
PIETRO--PLEASE! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING--!
THOK!
LET 'IM ALONE, WANDA! HE'S A BIG BOY NOW!
-UNNHHHH--!- YOU LET POWER MAN MAKE A FOOL OF YOU--BUT YOU'RE MIGHTY QUICK TO ATTACK YOUR OWN PARTNER, EH?


IF YOU'RE SO PROUD OF YOUR SPEED, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO USE IT!!
WONK!
THUD!
PIK!
KONG!


YOUR CAREENING SHIELD MIGHT TERRIFY OTHERS, BUT NOT ONE WHO IS FAST ENOUGH TO CATCH IT IN MID-FLIGHT!
THUT!

NOW, CAPTAIN AMERICA, LET US TEST YOUR METTLE WITHOUT THAT OVERSIZED TRASH CAN LID!
HOLD IT, SPEEDY! HE'LL MAKE MINCE MEAT OF YOU!!
LET HIM GO, HAWKEYE!!

WHY? SO YOU CAN BUILD UP YOUR EGO BY BATTIN' HIM AROUND? UH UH! IF ANYONE FIGHTS YOU, IT'LL BE ME!
UNHAND ME, HAWKEYE! I SHALL NOT STRIKE HIM! I REALIZE NONE OF US HAVE ANYTHING TO GAIN!
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU WISED UP, SON!

ANYWAY, NONE OF US WOULD WANT TO BE ACCUSED OF HITTING AN OLD MAN!
WE SHOULD ALL BE ASHAMED, LOSING OUR TEMPERS THIS WAY!
WE'RE FINISHED! THE TEAM IS WASHED UP--
AND, FOR MY PART, IT CAN STAY THAT WAY!

WE'VE BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH, IN OUR BRIEF TIME TOGETHER! IT'S TOO BAD THAT WE CAN'T PART--ON BETTER TERMS!
STEVE IS RIGHT! WHY DON'T WE--?
FORGET IT, WANDA!
IT IS TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW!

HAWKEYE! BEFORE YOU GO--I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR STEPPING IN BETWEEN PIETRO AND ME--!
DON'T MENTION IT, MISTER! I'D HAVE DONE AS MUCH FOR A STRANGER!
WELL, DON'T LET YOUR SHIELD GET RUSTY--!

THEY'VE GONE! IT'S OVER! IT'S REALLY OVER! I-I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT!
IRON MAN... GIANT MAN... THOR... HOW CAN I EVER FACE THEM AGAIN--?

I WAS CHOSEN TO BE--KEEPER OF THE FLAME! BUT NOW--
--THE TORCH HAS--GONE OUT!

ONCE BEFORE I HAD KNOWN THE BITTER TASTE OF FAILURE--WHEN I LOST MY PARTNER--BUCKY!
AND NOW--THIS!
LOSING A BATTLE IS ONE THING! BUT, TO BREAK UP A TEAM--!

AND, WHAT A TEAM IT WAS! DESPITE OUR BICKERING, OUR PETTY JEALOUSIES ...IN MY HEART I FELT WE WOULD EQUAL THE GLORIOUS RECORD OF THE ORIGINAL AVENGERS! BUT NOW--IT CAN NEVER BE!
AS ACTING LEADER, THE RESPONSIBILITY IS MINE! PERHAPS THE OTHERS WERE RIGHT--PERHAPS I AM TOO OLD--!

PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE REMAINED IN THE PAST--! THE FLESH AND BLOOD STEVE ROGERS CAN NEVER LIVE UP TO THE LEGEND THAT HAS BECOME--CAPTAIN AMERICA!

A SHORT TIME LATER, AS THE OTHER EX-AVENGERS TRY TO FASHION NEW CAREERS FOR THEMSELVES...

THERE'S THE DOOR, MISTER!

ANYONE DECLARED TO BE A PUBLIC MENACE HAS NO PLACE ON THE EAMONN ANDREWS SHOW!

YOU'RE AN EX-AVENGER, AREN'T YOU? IF I BOOKED YOU FOR A CARNIVAL ACT, THE REST OF THE PERFORMERS WOULD QUIT!

BUT THINK OF THE BUSINESS I'D BRING--THE CROWDS I'D DRAW!!

NOT A CHANCE! NOBODY WOULD FEEL SAFE WITH SOMEONE LIKE YOU AROUND!

PRETTY FACES ARE A DIME A DOZEN IN SHOW BUSINESS, SISTER!

SO WHY SHOULD I HIRE A GAL WITH A HEX POWER?

BUT, I CAN SING...!

SO CAN A CANARY! GOOD-BYE!

NO, WE CAN'T USE THE THREE OF YOU AS A TEAM, EITHER!

YOUR NAME IS POISON IN THIS TOWN!

NO! NO! NO! NO!

FACE IT--THE PUBLIC IS AFRAID OF THE AVENGERS--NO ONE WANTS TO GET WITHIN SHOUTING DISTANCE OF YOU!

AFTER THE WAY YOU RAN AMOK IN THE CITY LAST WEEK YOU'RE LUCKY YOU'RE NOT IN JAIL NOW!* NO THEATRICAL PRODUCER WOULD RISK A PENNY ON YOU!

MATINEE TODAY

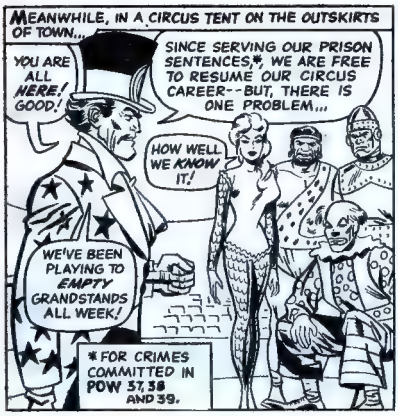
*AS WE SAW SO DRAMATICALLY PORTRAYED LAST ISH. BART.

AND SO... WE NEVER SHOULD HAVE LEFT HOME! THERE IS NO PLACE FOR US HERE! PERHAPS WE SHOULD RETURN...!

NOT UNTIL WE HAVE REDEEMED OURSELVES! THERE MUST BE SOMEONE WHO WANTS US--WHO WILL HAVE FAITH IN US--! PERHAPS HAWKEYE WILL GET A LEAD--!

HAVE YOU STILL HEARD NOTHING OF CAPTAIN AMERICA, PIETRO?

CAN'T YOU FORGET HIM, WANDA? LET HIM RETURN TO OBLIVION!


MEANWHILE, IN A CIRCUS TENT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...
YOU ARE ALL HERE! GOOD!
SINCE SERVING OUR PRISON SENTENCES,*, WE ARE FREE TO RESUME OUR CIRCUS CAREER--BUT, THERE IS ONE PROBLEM...
HOW WELL WE KNOW IT!
WE'VE BEEN PLAYING TO EMPTY GRANDSTANDS ALL WEEK!
* FOR CRIMES COMMITTED IN POW 37, 38 AND 39.

BUT, I HAVE AN IDEA! THE AVENGERS HAVE DISBANDED, AND...
WE'RE 'WAY AHEAD OF YA, RINGMASTER! PRINCESS PYTHON ALREADY SENT 'EM A TELEGRAM!

CANNONBALL IS RIGHT! WE SHOULD HEAR FROM THEM ANY MINUTE NOW!
GOOD! GOOD!

LEGITIMATE PRODUCERS ARE AFRAID TO HIRE THEM! BUT THEY'LL FIT IN PERFECTLY WITH OUR PLANS!

A SHORT TIME LATER, THE FATEFUL TELEGRAM IS FINALLY FORWARDED TO QUICKSILVER'S NEW ADDRESS, AND THEN...
AS SOON AS I READ THE WIRE, I CALLED HAWKEYE! HE'LL MEET US IN TEN MINUTES!
JOBS AT LAST--WHERE WE CAN USE OUR TALENTS! IT IS ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE, MY BROTHER!

THUS, BEFORE ANOTHER HOUR HAS PASSED...
THEN, YOU MEAN--WE'RE HIRED!!!
OF COURSE! YOU'LL BE THE BIGGEST ATTRACTION IN YEARS!
YOU SHALL START TOMORROW!
THEY'RE LIKE BABES IN THE WOODS! THEY DON'T SUSPECT A THING!
THEY THINK WE'RE AN ORDINARY CIRCUS! THE BLIND FOOLS!
WE ARE MORE HAPPY THAN YOU KNOW TO HAVE YOU WITH US!

AND THERE, IN THE SHADOW OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST CITY, THE ONCE-HEROIC TRIO AGREES TO BEGIN WHAT THEY *THINK* WILL BE THE START OF A NEW AND EXCITING CAREER...!

SOMEHOW, I CAN'T HELP WISHING THAT *STEVE ROGERS* WERE HERE WITH US!

HIM? HE WOULDN'T SIGN UP UNLESS HE COULD BE THE *STAR* OF THE SHOW!

COME *OFF* IT, HAWKEYE! YOU KNOW YOU *REALLY* DON'T DISLIKE HIM-- ANY MORE THAN WANDA OR I DO!

AND, AS THE OTHERS SPEAK, THE *RINGMASTER* THINKS HIS OWN STRANGE THOUGHTS...

I'LL WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW BEFORE TELLING THEM WHAT WILL *REALLY* BE EXPECTED OF THEM!

BUT, SO PLEASED WITH HIMSELF IS THE MASTER HYPNOTIST, THAT HE CAN HARDLY CLOSE HIS EYES ALL DURING THE NIGHT...

WITH THE POWER OF THE EX-AVENGERS, COMBINED WITH THAT OF MY *OWN* "MASTERS OF MENACE", WE'LL BE *UNSTOPPABLE!*

I CANNOT WAIT TILL MORNING!

AND SO IT COMES TO PASS...

WITH MY SUPERB *HYPNOTIC POWERS,* I CAN PUT AN ENTIRE AUDIENCE UNDER MY SPELL WHILE *YOU*-- AND MY *OWN* CREW, LOOT AND PILLAGE AT WILL!

I HOPE--FOR *YOUR* SAKE--THAT YOU'RE *JOKING,* MISTER!

YOU YOUNG FOOL! YOU HAVE *NO CHOICE* BUT TO OBEY ME!

DO YOU THINK THAT I--I, WHO HAVE BENT AUDIENCES OF *THOUSANDS* TO MY WILL--- WILL ALLOW THREE DISCREDITED, EX-AVENGERS TO DEFY ME?!!

GAZE INTO MY EYES!!

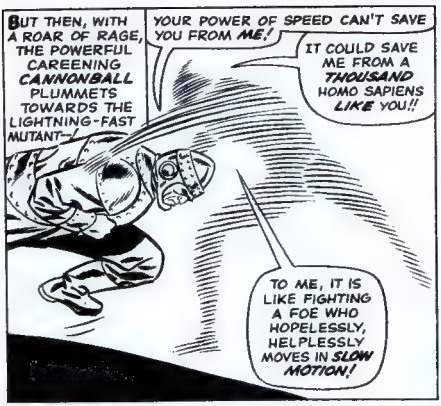
YOU PICKED THE WRONG VICTIM THIS TIME! I CAN MOVE *FASTER* THAN YOUR SO-CALLED SPELL CAN FOLLOW!

WHERE DID HE *GO?*?

COME *BACK,* BLAST YOU!! *NOBODY* ESCAPES THE *RINGMASTER!*

I WOULDN'T *DREAM* OF "*ESCAPING*"! THIS IS THE MOST FUN I'VE HAD IN *WEEKS!*

THUD

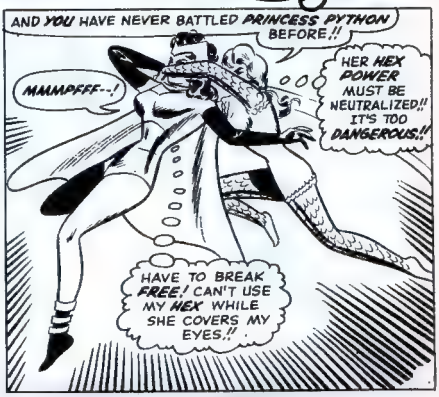

BUT THEN, WITH A ROAR OF RAGE, THE POWERFUL CAREENING CANNONBALL PLUMMETS TOWARDS THE LIGHTNING-FAST MUTANT--!
YOUR POWER OF SPEED CAN'T SAVE YOU FROM ME!
IT COULD SAVE ME FROM A THOUSAND HOMO SAPIENS LIKE YOU!!
TO ME, IT IS LIKE FIGHTING A FOE WHO HOPELESSLY, HELPLESSLY MOVES IN SLOW MOTION!

HOWEVER, THE CRAFTY CLOWN LEAPS TO THE ATTACK, ATTEMPTING TO STRIKE FROM BEHIND...!
JUST ONE BLOW--THAT'S ALL IT'LL TAKE --!
HIS SPEED WON'T HELP HIM AGAINST AN UN-EXPECTED SURPRISE ATTACK!

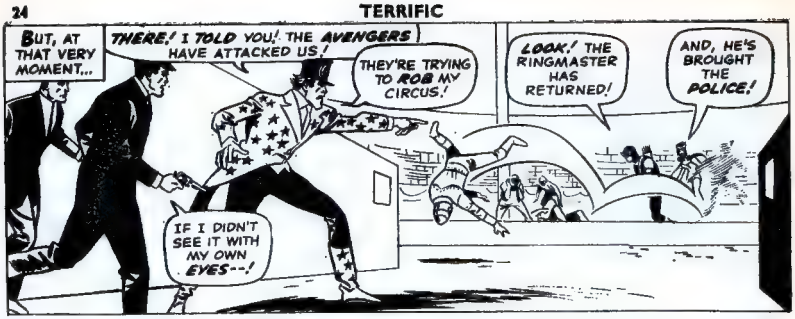
BUT, SUDDENLY...
WHA--? WHERE'D THAT BLASTED ROPE COME FROM--??

THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!! IT CAN'T BE!!
I'VE BEEN A TOP CLOWN FOR YEARS! I KNOW EVERY INCH OF THIS ARENA! I'VE NEVER TRIPPED BEFORE!! WHY WOULD I BE CLUMSY NOW??
THUD!

PERHAPS IT'S BECAUSE YOU'VE NEVER HAD TO CONTEND WITH THE HEX POWER OF THE SCARLET WITCH BEFORE!!
HELLLLP!
OOOSHH


AND YOU HAVE NEVER BATTLED PRINCESS PYTHON BEFORE!!
MMMPFFF--!
HER HEX POWER MUST BE NEUTRALIZED!! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!!
HAVE TO BREAK FREE! CAN'T USE MY HEX WHILE SHE COVERS MY EYES!!

LADY, YOU'RE FIGHTING A GIRL WHO WAS TRAINED BY CAPTAIN AMERICA HIMSELF!
I NEED NO SPECIAL TRAINING! I HAVE A FAR BETTER WEAPON--!
YES, I KNOW! I REMEMBER READING ABOUT A DEADLY TRAINED PYTHON!
ALL I NEED DO IS WHISTLE A CERTAIN NOTE, AND YOU'LL BE IN ITS COILS!
PERHAPS, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T ANNOUNCE YOUR INTENTIONS IN ADVANCE!
DID YOU EVER TRY TO WHISTLE WITH A MOUTHFUL OF WATER??
BY THE TIME YOU CAN SUMMON YOUR SERPENTINE ALLY, WE'LL BE GONE!
I WAS TOO SLOW! SHE MANAGED TO USE HER ACCURSED HEX POWER AFTER ALL!
WHILE, HIGH ABOVE...
REGARDS FROM THE FLYING GAMBONNOS, HAWKEYE!
THUD! WHOOM!
MISTER, THAT'S KID STUFF TO A GUY WITH A TWIRLING WIRE ARROW!
YOU WILL NOT FIND ME SO EASY TO DEFEAT, HAWKEYE!
WELL WELL! I GUESS EVERY CIRCUS HAS TO HAVE A STRONG MAN, EH?
STOP ME IF YOU CAN!
JUST WHAT I AIM TO DO!
HE SPLIT THE POLE-- WITH ONE SHOT!
NATCH, MUSCLE-BOUND! THOSE ARROWS ARE EXPENSIVE!
I CAN'T AFFORD TO WASTE TOO MANY OF THEM ON CRUMBS LIKE YOU!
FOR INSTANCE, THIS ONE HI-INTENSITY-SOUND ARROW OUGHT TO TAKE CARE OF THE WHOLE KABOODLE OF YOU!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
NICE WORK, HAWKEYE! AND, HERE'S THE LAST OF THEM!
THOWK!
LUCKY YOU MERELY HIT THAT POST WITH YOUR HEAD-- OTHERWISE, YOU MIGHT HAVE HURT YOURSELF!
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE LET MY SLIM BUILD FOOL YOU, CANNONBALL! MY BLINDING SPEED INCREASES MY NATURAL STRENGTH A HUNDREDFOLD!

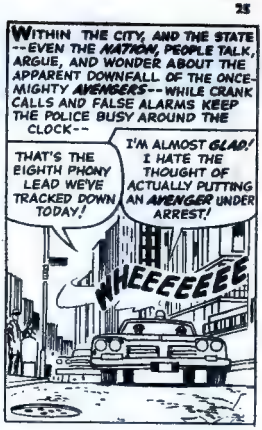

BUT, AT THAT VERY MOMENT...
THERE! I TOLD YOU! THE AVENGERS HAVE ATTACKED US!
THEY'RE TRYING TO ROB MY CIRCUS!
IF I DIDN'T SEE IT WITH MY OWN EYES--!
LOOK! THE RINGMASTER HAS RETURNED!
AND, HE'S BROUGHT THE POLICE!

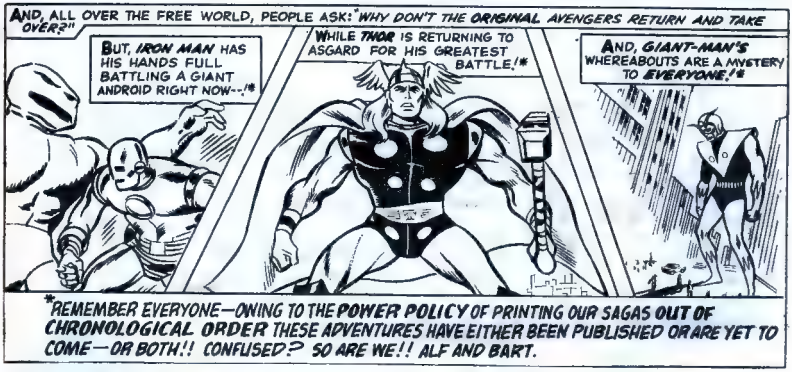
AVENGERS! YOU WERE UNDER ORDERS TO DISBAND! THE JUDGE WON'T BE SO EASY WITH YOU THIS TIME!
THE RINGMASTER HAS ACCUSED US OF ATTACKING THE CIRCUS--TRYING TO ROB IT!
AND AFTER ALL THAT'S HAPPENED, WHO WOULD BELIEVE US??
HOLD ON, MISTER! YOU DON'T GET THE PICTURE!

PIETRO--WAIT! RUNNING HAS NEVER SOLVED ANYTHING!
HALT!! OR WE'LL FIRE!
QUICKLY! FOLLOW ME! HAWKEYE'S SMOKE ARROW CAN ENABLE US TO ESCAPE!

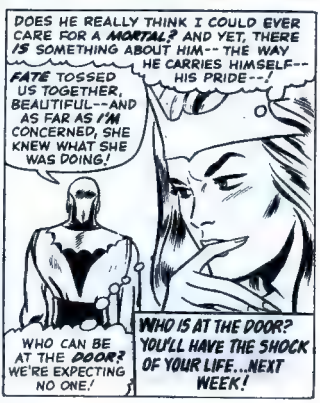
GLAD YOU REMINDED ME, SPEEDY! HERE, THIS'LL DO IT!
COME BACK! WE'LL GET YOU SOONER OR LATER!
THAT SUDDEN SMOKE!! I CAN'T SEE!
NOT UNTIL WE'VE FOUND A WAY TO PROVE WE'RE INNOCENT!!

QUICKSILVER'S ALREADY OUT OF SIGHT!
MAN! IF I HAD HIS SPEED, I SURE WOULDN'T NEED AS MANY ARROWS!
BUT, WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO US NOW?? WE'RE JOBLESS--WANTED BY THE POLICE--WITH NO PLACE TO TURN!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, GORGEOUS! WHEN YOU'RE REALLY DOWN, THERE'S NO PLACE TO GO BUT UP!





*REMEMBER EVERYONE—OWING TO THE POWER POLICY OF PRINTING OUR SAGAS OUT OF CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER THESE ADVENTURES HAVE EITHER BEEN PUBLISHED OR ARE YET TO COME—OR BOTH!! CONFUSED? SO ARE WE!! ALF AND BART.



news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

'MEMBER WE GAVE MENSH to the *musically*-minded garreteers a few days back. Well, that started off something and so we're going to pepper you with some pungent particularising about Power House personnel. Seems we can claim to be represented by the LITERARY as well as the musical. All started when someone ups and infos us that DEVILISH DAVE TINKLER, chief sub in TERRIFIC is a B.A. (and we do mean a Bachelor of Arts)! In other words, he has a DEGREE! In ENGLISH! Then we discover that DARLING DAN LLOYD is, apart from being a highly efficient chief sub, also Assistant Editor of . . . and how do you like this! . . . 'THE FLYING SAUCER REVIEW.' And to cap it all KID KEN MENNELL dropped a subtle-as-a-bulldozer hint that HE HAS A BOOK BEING PUBLISHED NEXT YEAR . . . one of those autobiographical 'How I Won The War' jobs! Yes, we really have to admit it (and don't think the idea repulses us) that we're really quite an INTERESTING bunch up here in the garret. Unusual! For example, take this white-bearded old chap in the kooky red garb who's been seen wandering about the offices these past few days. There's something different about him, too. Mind you, we don't quite know *who he is* or where he came from . . . or what he's doing here anyway. No one likes to ask in case he's offended.

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

Nigel Huges, Barrow-in-Furness; Glenn Yale, Parson Cross, Sheffield 5, Yorks; Graham Roberts, Rhymney, Mon; Charles Pearson, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs; Matthew Rees, Radipole, Weymouth; K. McMahon, Hetton-Le-Mole, Co. Durham; Peter A. Webb, Beeston, Leeds, Yorks. Alistair McLean, Argyll, Scotland; S. Bowyer, Northwich, Cheshire; Anthony Beoni, Neath, Glamorgan; Marcia Magee, Aridglass, Co. Down; Charles Boyle, Rathesay Bute, Scotland; John Ross, W. Lothian, Scotland; Barry Seymour, South Ruislip, Middx; Malcolm McGowan, Dagenham, Essex; Boyd Mundell, Toward By Dunoon, Argyll; Ellis Ezekiel, London, N.16. Martin Roberts, Medina, West Australia; Gordon Scott, Blyths, Northumberland; Stephen Baker, Pontyberem, Nr. Llanelli.

Could he, he's a BRAND X agent, but he looks far too nice for that. And there's this big, bulging sack he's always humping around with him. Maybe he's a new mailman who's lost his way. Your guess is as good as ours!

SEEING TO THINGS AT THE LAST MINUTE (that's the way it always seems to be up here in the garret) the gang were discussing what to get who for Christmas this year. What to get our leader for instance. Well, someone suggested A SKULL CAP to stop him tearing his hair out each weekly press day. A pair of undetachable socks was mooted for BOLD BART (where did that story start up about his foot-gear) but that was ruled out as impracticable! Came the bright idea of an addressing machine for CASANOVA COS, so he could get his Valentine Cards off on time for once next year (after all he only has two months or so left to get them ready). The list went on and on . . . but as we don't want you frantic ones to think we're DROPPING HINTS or anything . . . well, we'll tell you what the gang really got in their stockings . . . AFTER Christmas!

HURRY! HURRY!! HURRY!!!

DON'T BE LEFT AT THE STARTING GATE

ZOOMaway with the TOP TEN Annuals THIS Christmas

Phantom Annual 10/6
Flash Gordon Annual 10/6
The Saint Annual 10/6
Bonanza Book 10/6
Tarzan Annual 10/6
All Stars Football Book 10/6
The Man from U.N.C.L.E. Annual 10/6
Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea 10/6
Space Family Robinson Annual 10/6

Marvel Storybook Annual 10/6
Featuring:–
Captain America
Spider–Man
Thor
The Hulk
Sub–Mariner
Iron–Man
Ant–Man
Doctor Strange
The Fantastic Four

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SUPERANNUALS FOR A SUPER CHRISTMAS

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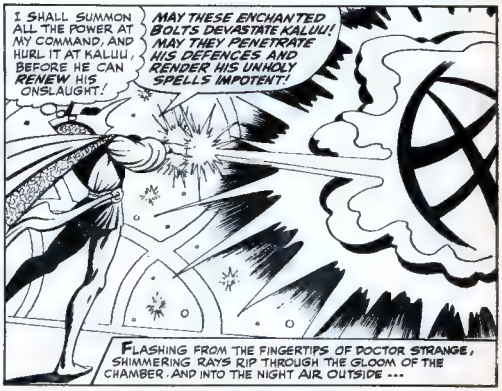
WE MUST ACT QUICKLY, BEFORE KALUU CAN MAKE GOOD HIS THREATS!
IF WE DELAY BUT A MOMENT, WE ARE FOREVER LOST!
BY THE SEVEN RINGS OF RAGGADOR, I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THIS MAGIC...

HOW CAN ONE MAN SO BIND US BOTH? WHAT MANNER OF POWER DID KALUU FIND IN THE NAMELESS DIMENSION?
DO NOT WASTE TIME IN IDLE SPECULATION, DISCIPLE.. JOIN YOUR PSYCHIC ENERGY TO MINE, AND LET US FREE OUR-SELVES!

BY THE OMNIPOTENT OSHTUR.. BY THE ENCHANTED REALM OF THE VISHANTI...LET THESE MYSTIC BONDS MELT INTO THE VOID! THUS DO THE ANCIENT ONE AND DR. STRANGE COMMAND!
WE HAVE SUCCEEDED, MASTER! NOW, I SHALL SEEK OUT KALUU AND MAKE HIM PAY FOR HIS AUDACITY!
WAIT...!

YOUR POWER MAY EQUAL THAT OF OUR ENEMY ONLY SO LONG AS YOU REMAIN HERE IN YOUR OWN DOMAIN! OUTSIDE, KALUU IS SUPREME... OF THIS I AM CERTAIN!
WE MUST WAGE OUR BATTLE FROM WITHIN THESE WALLS!

THEN SO WE SHALL! OUR BEST DEFENCE IS TO ATTACK..
THE STRAIN IS VISIBLE UPON THE MASTER'S FACE! HE IS TOO AGED FOR THIS CONFLICT...I MUST WIN, AND WIN WITHOUT DELAY!


I SHALL SUMMON ALL THE POWER AT MY COMMAND, AND HURL IT AT KALUU, BEFORE HE CAN RENEW HIS ONSLAUGHT!
MAY THESE ENCHANTED BOLTS DEVASTATE KALUU! MAY THEY PENETRATE HIS DEFENCES AND RENDER HIS UNHOLY SPELLS IMPOTENT!
FLASHING FROM THE FINGERTIPS OF DOCTOR STRANGE, SHIMMERING RAYS RIP THROUGH THE GLOOM OF THE CHAMBER. AND INTO THE NIGHT AIR OUTSIDE ---

...ONLY TO BOUNCE USELESSLY OFF AN INVISIBLE BARRIER WHICH SURROUNDS THE SANCTUM...

YOUR EFFORTS ARE *FUTILE!* *NOTHING* CAN PIERCE THE *ECTOPLASMIC SHIELD* I HAVE ERECTED!

HEAR ME, DR. STRANGE! IT IS KALUU'S PLEASURE TO BE *MERCIFUL!* MY QUARREL IS NOT WITH *YOU!* RELEASE THE WITHERED FOOL YOU CALL *MASTER*, AND *YOU* SHALL GO UNHARMED!

SO! YOU DO NOT *REPLY!* YOUR LOYALTY IS INDEED *NOBLE*...AND *STUPID!*

THEREFORE, THE PRICE OF YOUR LOYALTY SHALL BE *DESTRUCTION!*

KNOW YOU THAT MY STRENGTH IS WITHOUT *LIMIT!* I MAKE NO IDLE *BOAST* WHEN I SAY THAT THE MAGIC OF KALUU IS BEYOND YOUR *DREAMING!*

I NEED NO *INCANTATIONS,* NO *AMULETS*.. I NEED NOTHING BUT MY *WILL!*

FOR THESE *FIVE HUNDRED YEARS* I HAVE PERFECTED THE BLACK ARTS, EVEN AS I FED MY *HATRED*, FOR HIM WHO CAUSED MY EXILE!

NOW, SHALL YOU TASTE THE FULLNESS OF MY *WRATH!* FIRST, I EXTEND THE ECTOPLASMIC SHIELD AROUND YOUR DWELLING, CUTTING OFF ALL EXITS!

THUS DOES YOUR FORTRESS BECOME A *TRAP!* AND *INTO* THAT TRAP I RELEASE MY *ULTIMATE WEAPON*--THE *DEMONS OF PANAK!*

BEHOLD! SPIRIT BEASTS FROM THE FARTHEST REACHES OF THE *UNIVERSE!* NONE BUT *KALUU!* COULD BE SO POWERFUL AS TO FORCE THEM TO HIS BIDDING!

THEY COME IN NEVER-ENDING HORDES! BACK, MASTER, *BACK*-- I WILL COMBAT THEM!

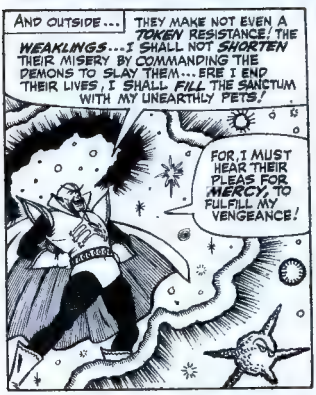
SKEEE

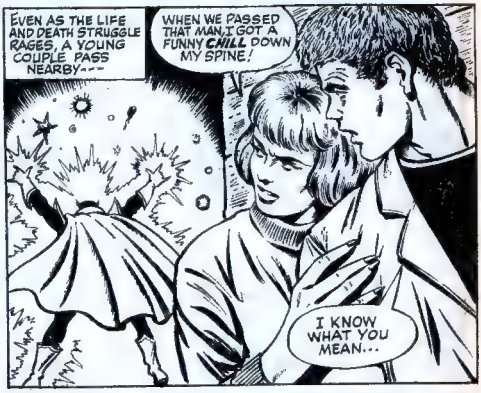
SKEEEEE

WE ARE *HELPLESS* SO LONG AS THE DEMONS ARE IN CONTACT WITH KALUU! WE MUST WAIT UNTIL THEY HAVE COMPLETELY PASSED THROUGH HIS DEADLY BARRIER!

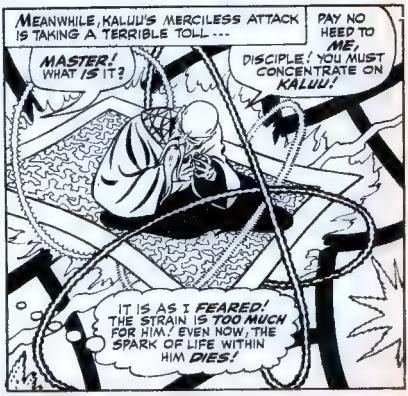
FOR THEY DRAW THEIR STRENGTH FROM KALUU'S MASSIVE WILL POWER! ONCE THEY ARE CUT OFF FROM IT, WE MAY STRIKE AT THEM!
THE AWESOME CHILL OF THEIR TOUCH...THEIR INHUMAN SHRIEKS... IT'S ALMOST BEYOND HUMAN ENDURANCE!
WE MUST BEAR IT! TO FIGHT NOW WOULD ONLY EXHAUST US USELESSLY!
SKEEEEE

THEN BEAR IT WE SHALL, MASTER!
HIS VOICE FALTERS, AND HIS SKIN IS AS WAX! HOW MUCH LONGER CAN HIS AGED HEART STAND THIS AGONY?
ONCE BEFORE THE ANCIENT ONE NEARLY PERISHED IN A DEADLY COMA! *HE MIGHT NOT SURVIVE ANOTHER!
EEEEEEEE
*ISSUES 22 TO 26 REMEMBER, I KEEPER-OF-THE-ARCHIVES ALF.


AND OUTSIDE...
THEY MAKE NOT EVEN A TOKEN RESISTANCE! THE WEAKLINGS...I SHALL NOT SHORTEN THEIR MISERY BY COMMANDING THE DEMONS TO SLAY THEM...ERE I END THEIR LIVES, I SHALL FILL THE SANCTUM WITH MY UNEARTHLY PETS!
FOR, I MUST HEAR THEIR PLEAS FOR MERCY, TO FULFILL MY VENGEANCE!


EVEN AS THE LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE RAGES, A YOUNG COUPLE PASS NEARBY---
WHEN WE PASSED THAT MAN, I GOT A FUNNY CHILL DOWN MY SPINE!
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN...

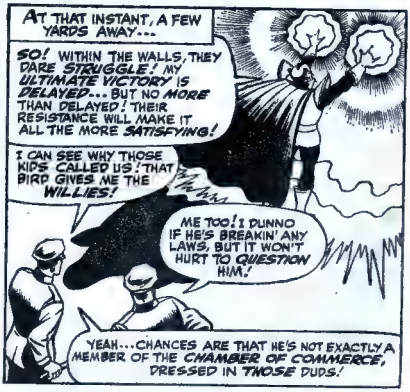
ONE THING'S FOR SURE... THIS NO PLACE FOR US!
I THINK WE SHOULD CALL A POLICEMAN!


MEANWHILE, KALUU'S MERCILESS ATTACK IS TAKING A TERRIBLE TOLL---
PAY NO HEED TO ME, DISCIPLE! YOU MUST CONCENTRATE ON KALUU!
MASTER! WHAT IS IT?
IT IS AS I FEARED! THE STRAIN IS TOO MUCH FOR HIM! EVEN NOW, THE SPARK OF LIFE WITHIN HIM DIES!

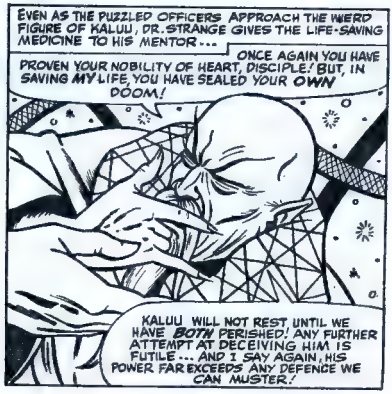
I CANNOT STAND IDLY BY WHILE THE ANCIENT ONE PERISHES! THOUGH HE HAS FORBIDDEN IT, I MUST PIT MYSELF AGAINST THE MINIONS OF KALUU!
ACROSS THE CHAMBER ...THE SERUM OF THE SERAPHIM... THE MOST POTENT MEDICINE KNOWN TO THE OCCULT... IF I CAN REACH IT, THE MASTER HAS A CHANCE...

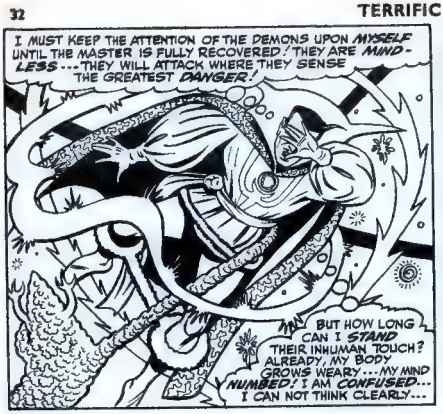
BACK, CREATURES OF DARKNESS! DR. STRANGE COMMANDS YOU... BACK!
DO NOT DISOBEY ME, DISCIPLE! IF KALUU SENSES RESISTANCE, HE WILL DOUBLE HIS EFFORTS TO DESTROY US!
WE HAVE ONLY ONE HOPE... TO LET KALUU THINK HE HAS TRIUMPHED!

AS THE DEMONS OF DANAK MOMENTARILY DROP AWAY, STARTLED BY DR. STRANGE'S SUDDEN COUNTER-ATTACK, THE MYSTIC MASTER FLINGS HIMSELF ACROSS THE ROOM...
FOR THE FIRST TIME, I MUST DEFY MY TEACHER!
THE SERUM IS INTACT! NOW, IF ONLY I CAN HOLD THE DEMONS AT BAY UNTIL I CAN ADMINISTER IT TO THE ANCIENT ONE, WE MAY YET BEST KALUU!

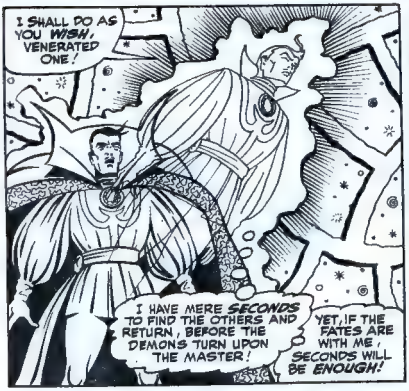

AT THAT INSTANT, A FEW YARDS AWAY...
SO! WITHIN THE WALLS, THEY DARE STRUGGLE! MY ULTIMATE VICTORY IS DELAYED... BUT NO MORE THAN DELAYED! THEIR RESISTANCE WILL MAKE IT ALL THE MORE SATISFYING!
I CAN SEE WHY THOSE KIDS CALLED US! THAT BIRD GIVES ME THE WILLIES!
ME TOO! I DUNNO IF HE'S BREAKIN' ANY LAWS, BUT IT WON'T HURT TO QUESTION HIM!
YEAH... CHANCES ARE THAT HE'S NOT EXACTLY A MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, DRESSED IN THOSE DUDS!

HEY, LOOK AT THOSE FUNNY LIGHTS COMIN' FROM HIM! I'VE BEEN ON THE FORCE TEN YEARS, AND I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THAT BEFORE!
SOMEHOW, I FEEL A LOT SAFER WITH MY GUN IN MY HAND!

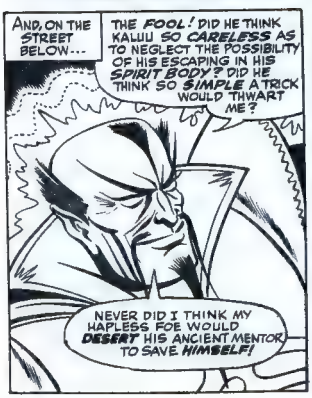

EVEN AS THE PUZZLED OFFICERS APPROACH THE WEIRD FIGURE OF KALUU, DR. STRANGE GIVES THE LIFE-SAVING MEDICINE TO HIS MENTOR...
ONCE AGAIN YOU HAVE PROVEN YOUR NOBILITY OF HEART, DISCIPLE! BUT, IN SAVING MY LIFE, YOU HAVE SEALED YOUR OWN DOOM!
KALUU WILL NOT REST UNTIL WE HAVE BOTH PERISHED! ANY FURTHER ATTEMPT AT DECEIVING HIM IS FUTILE... AND I SAY AGAIN, HIS POWER FAR EXCEEDS ANY DEFENCE WE CAN MUSTER!

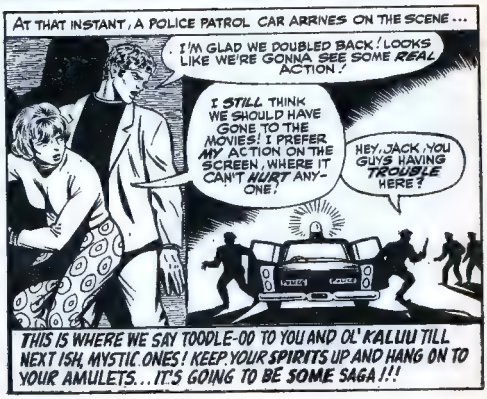

I MUST KEEP THE ATTENTION OF THE DEMONS UPON MYSELF UNTIL THE MASTER IS FULLY RECOVERED! THEY ARE MINDLESS---THEY WILL ATTACK WHERE THEY SENSE THE GREATEST DANGER!
BUT HOW LONG CAN I STAND THEIR INHUMAN TOUCH? ALREADY, MY BODY GROWS WEARY---MY MIND NUMBED! I AM CONFUSED--- I CAN NOT THINK CLEARLY---

HEAR ME, DISCIPLE! IT IS HOPELESS TO CONTINUE YOUR STRUGGLE! UNLESS WE FIND HELP, OUR CAUSE IS LOST!
ABANDON YOUR PHYSICAL BODY! GO--- IN YOUR ECTOPLASMIC SELF, SEEK AID OF THOSE YOU RESCUED FROM DORMAMMU!*
IT IS THE HOUR FOR THEM TO ACT UPON THEIR PLEDGE OF LOYALTY TO YOU!
* ISH. 34. OLD BUDDIES!--CHUMMY BART.


I SHALL DO AS YOU WISH, VENERATED ONE!
I HAVE MERE SECONDS TO FIND THE OTHERS AND RETURN, BEFORE THE DEMONS TURN UPON THE MASTER!
YET, IF THE FATES ARE WITH ME, SECONDS WILL BE ENOUGH!

BUT, EVEN THAT AVENUE OF ESCAPE IS DENIED ME!
KALUU'S BARRIER! NOT EVEN MY SPIRIT FORM CAN PENETRATE IT!
THEN WE ARE UTTERLY TRAPPED! WE MUST FACE THE MENACE OF KALUU ALONE!


AND, ON THE STREET BELOW---
THE FOOL! DID HE THINK KALUU SO CARELESS AS TO NEGLECT THE POSSIBILITY OF HIS ESCAPING IN HIS SPIRIT BODY? DID HE THINK SO SIMPLE A TRICK WOULD THWART ME?
NEVER DID I THINK MY HAPLESS FOE WOULD DESERT HIS ANCIENT MENTOR TO SAVE HIMSELF!


AT THAT INSTANT, A POLICE PATROL CAR ARRIVES ON THE SCENE---
I'M GLAD WE DOUBLED BACK! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA SEE SOME REAL ACTION!
I STILL THINK WE SHOULD HAVE GONE TO THE MOVIES! I PREFER MY ACTION ON THE SCREEN, WHERE IT CAN'T HURT ANYONE!
HEY, JACK, YOU GUYS HAVING TROUBLE HERE?
THIS IS WHERE WE SAY TOODLE-OO TO YOU AND OL' KALUU TILL NEXT ISH, MYSTIC ONES! KEEP YOUR SPIRITS UP AND HANG ON TO YOUR AMULETS... IT'S GOING TO BE SOME SAGA!!!

ODD SPORTS

SMASHING!

A smashing time was had by all when a contest was held to decide who was the fastest waiter in Bolivia. The competition was open only to waiters and was in three parts.

In the first part, competitors were required to run 100 yards while balancing a plate of soup on the palm of one hand and carrying a cup of coffee in a saucer in the other hand.

Just to make things more difficult for the competitors a row of tables was placed midway across the course with just sufficient room between the tables for one competitor at a time to get through. As there were more competitors than openings, the first 50 yards of the race was a struggle to get a clear opening.

Seventy waiters entered, but only 32 completed the course. The others either dropped their crockery or were disqualified for trying to trip rivals.

The 32 waiters who finished the course then had to run for 200 yards carrying six plates of jelly. The six plates had to be carried on one hand and arm. This time cords four inches above ground were placed at irregular intervals across the course; besides balancing their plates of jelly, competitors had to avoid tripping over the cords.

Only six waiters survived the jelly race. They had to run for 50 yards to a table on which were glasses and bottles of wine. Arrived at the table, each had to fill a glass with wine, place it on a tray and run 50 yards to the finishing post carrying the tray, bottle and glass without spilling a drop.

Two waiters finished this final race. The other four either dropped their trays or slopped some wine from the glasses. The winner received a money prize worth £10 and a new suit and apron.

BICYCLE POLO

Two teams of ten men each met recently in Singapore to decide the final match of the poor man's polo. Instead of being mounted on expensive thoroughbred ponies, the teams rode bicycles.

The field was 100 yards long and 60 yards wide with a goal at each end. The goals were three yards high and four yards wide, while the ball was about the same size as that used in tennis.

Polo sticks had a handle two and a half feet long.

The players rode tandem bicycles, one rider using the stick and the other guiding the bicycle, which had neither brakes nor mudguards. The match was divided into six "halves" or chukkers each lasting 20 minutes.

At the end of each chukker, any pair whose bicycle had a puncture were allowed to change their mount. If a pair collided and unseated an opposing pair, the former were disqualified for the remainder of the chukker and sent off.

The winning team had a walk-over as their opponents had two pairs and their bicycles sent off early in the last chukker.

This led to a minor riot in which supporters of the losing team vented their displeasure on the victors. Eventually the police had to restore order.

HUMAN CHESSMEN

The usual atmosphere of silent concentration that descends on a game of chess was absent at a chess match held in Austria early this summer. For the chessmen were all alive and moved according to orders shouted through loudspeakers.

A square, measuring 150 along each of its four sides, was marked out in the black and white squares of an enormous chessboard. Each in their appropriate squares stood men representing the various pieces used in chess.

The front rows each of eight pawns, were occupied by men dressed as eighteenth century infantry. Behind them in the corners were the rooks or castles, represented by men hidden in cardboard castles.

Next to the "castles" were horsemen in cavalry uniform taking the parts of knights. Then came the living bishops in their robes, while in the centre were the kings and queens in their royal robes.

All the players wore placards bearing numbers, the "whites" having odd numbers, and the "blacks" even ones. The squares on the board were also numbered.

At each end of the board there was a high platform on which stood an expert chess player dressed in general's uniform.

The start of the game was signalled by the firing of an eighteenth century cannon. The game was then played by the rival generals on their platforms shouting the moves through loudspeakers.

Each general made his move by calling out the number of one of his men and telling the number of the square to which he was to move. Any man who moved out of turn or on to the wrong square, was captured and off the board.

Just to add to the solemnity of the occasion, men captured by the generals were marched off the board by an armed guard. They then stayed until the end of the game in an enclosure beside the general who had captured them.

At the end of a three-hours battle, the human chess-match ended in a victory for black. That evening the victorious side was entertained to dinner at their general's expense.

MARKHAM'S MAGIC CRAYON!

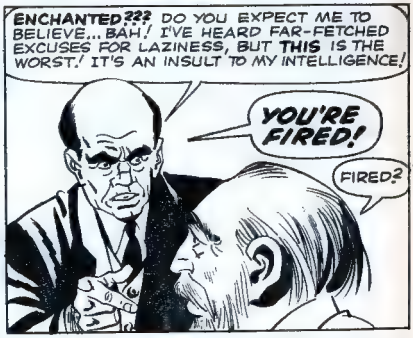
Reg T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.1963

AS WE'VE OFTEN CLAIMED, STRANGE TALES CAN HAPPEN ANYWHERE... EVEN IN A SIMPLE CRAYON FACTORY!
MARKHAM'S CRAYON
OUR FACTORY IS OWNED BY HARRY MARKHAM, A GENT WHO MAKES EBENEZER SCROOGE LOOK LIKE A GENEROUS SPEND-THRIFT!
I DON'T CARE HOW BADLY YOU NEED THE MONEY! I'M NOT GIVING YOU A RAISE!
NOW GET OUT OF HERE!
YOU'RE FIVE SECONDS LATE, WILLOWBY! YOU KNOW I FORBID TARDINESS!
BUT, MR. MARKHAM-- THE TRAIN HAD AN ACCIDENT!
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR TRANSPORTATION PROBLEMS! YOU'RE DEMOTED! IT'S BACK TO THE STOCK ROOM FOR YOU!
YES, HARRY MARKHAM IS ONE NASTY GUY!
MISERABLE BUNCH OF SHIRKERS! THEY'D ALL LIKE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ME! BUT I WON'T LET THEM! I KEEP THEIR NOSES TO THE GRINDSTONE FROM MORNING TO NIGHT!
FASTER, YOU LOAFERS! FASTER! I WANT TO STEP UP PRODUCTION... TO TURN OUT EVEN MORE CRAYONS THAN LAST MONTH!
BUT SUDDENLY...
SAY! WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE??

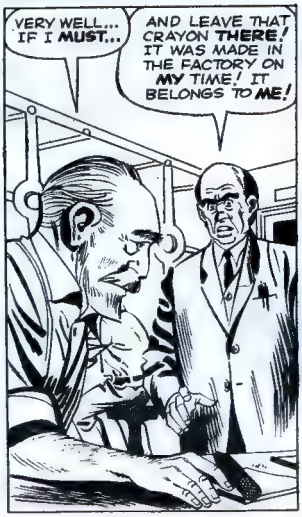
YOU! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!
WHY, I'M MAKING THIS CRAYON, MR. MARKHAM!

THIS CRAYON??!! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MASS PRODUCING THEM --NOT TURNING THEM OUT ONE AT A TIME??!
HOW DARE YOU WASTE SO, MUCH TIME, LABOURING OVER A SINGLE CRAYON AS THOUGH IT WERE A WORK OF ART??!!

B-BUT, SIR, THIS IS NO ORDINARY CRAYON! THIS ONE IS ENCHANTED... AND I WAS WONDERING WHAT TO DO WITH IT!?


ENCHANTED??? DO YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE... BAH! I'VE HEARD FAR-FETCHED EXCUSES FOR LAZINESS, BUT THIS IS THE WORST! IT'S AN INSULT TO MY INTELLIGENCE!
YOU'RE FIRED!
FIRED?

B-BUT I NEED THE JOB! PLEASE, MISTER MARKHAM...
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU NEED! I WON'T HAVE LOAFERS WORKING FOR ME! NOW CLEAR OUT!


VERY WELL... IF I MUST...
AND LEAVE THAT CRAYON THERE! IT WAS MADE IN THE FACTORY ON MY TIME! IT BELONGS TO ME!

MISERABLE OLD LOAFER! HE THOUGHT HE COULD PUT ONE OVER ON ME!
BUT NOBODY EVER FOOLS HARRY MARKHAM! NOBODY!

ENCHANTED CRAYON!! NOW I'VE HEARD EVERY-THING!
HMMM... THE THING DOES HAVE A STRANGE FEEL TO IT!

I'M ALMOST TEMPTED TO DRAW SOMETHING WITH IT... JUST TO SEE HOW WELL IT WORKS! BUT I CAN'T DRAW! I'VE NEVER HAD ANY TALENT FOR ART!

PERHAPS I'LL TRY ANYWAY... JUST TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS...

LET'S SEE... I'LL MAKE A COUPLE OF LINES HERE ...AND HERE...

SAY!! THIS SEEMS SO EASY! IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH THE CRAYON ITSELF IS GUIDING MY HAND!

AND, THE MORE HARRY MARKHAM DRAWS, THE GREATER HIS AMAZEMENT BECOMES...
I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES! I WAS NEVER ABLE TO DRAW BEFORE! BUT NOW, I'M SKETCHING LIKE A PROFES-SIONAL ARTIST!!

SEEING THEIR EMPLOYER SMILE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, THE WORKERS GATHER AROUND...
SAY, THAT'S GOOD, MISTER MARKHAM!
GOOD?? IT'S TERRIFIC!!
YOU MUST HAVE STUDIED ART FOR YEARS!
STUDY?? BAH! IT'S THIS CRAYON! IT'S GIVEN ME THE ABILITY TO DRAW!

HE MUST BE KIDDIN'!
IT'S THE CRAYON! IT IS ENCHANTED, JUST LIKE THE OLD MAN SAID IT WAS!
HAH! WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK GETTING MY HANDS ON IT!
LOOK! HE'S DRAWN A MASTER-PIECE!

MISTER MARKHAM--YOU HAVE A PHONE CALL!
BLAST IT! AT A TIME LIKE THIS! ALL RIGHT--ALL RIGHT--
OFFICE

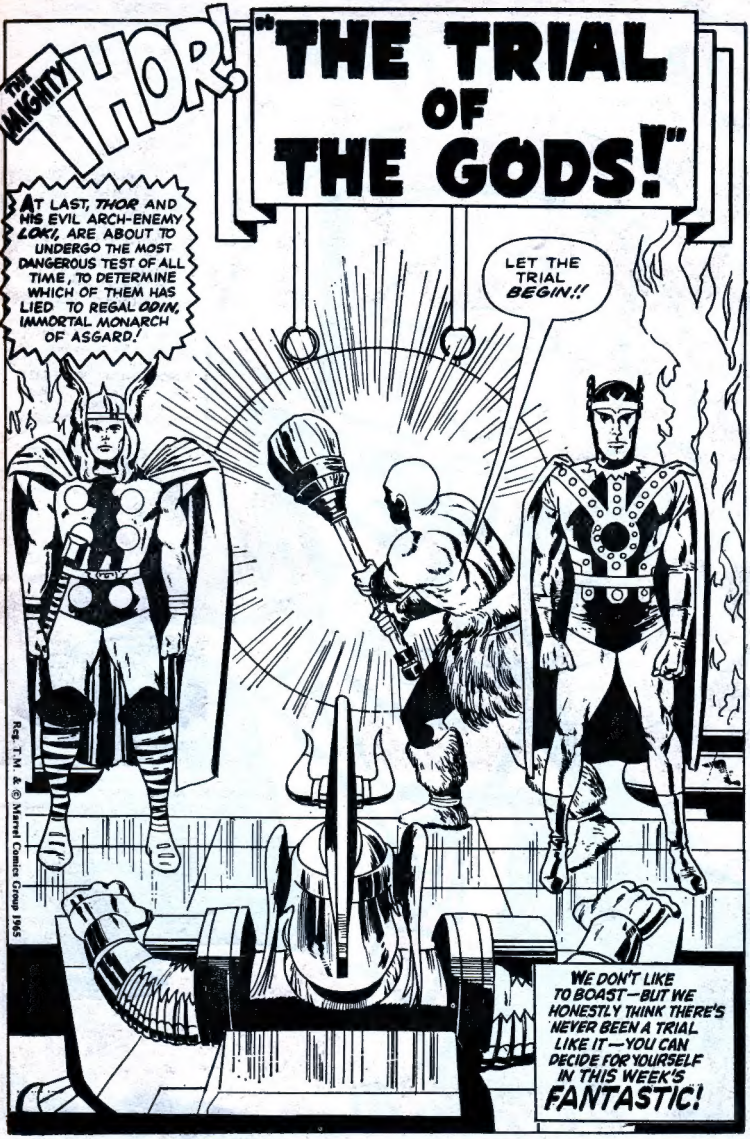
BUT, WHEN MARKHAM TRIES TO PUT DOWN THE CRAYON--TO GO TO THE PHONE...
I--I CAN'T STOP DRAWING!! I CAN'T EVEN LET GO OF THE CRAYON!!
WHAT??
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
JUST RE-LEASE YOUR GRIP!

I CAN'T RELEASE IT! HELP ME! TAKE THE CRAYON FROM MY HAND!
I--I CAN'T FORCE IT LOOSE!
IT'S AS THOUGH THE CRAYON AND YOUR HAND ARE--ARE ONE PIECE!

IT'S A MAGIC SPELL! I'M IN ITS POWER! AND THE ONLY MAN WHO'D KNOW HOW TO FREE ME, IS THE OLD MAN WHO MADE THE ENCHANTED CRAYON!

BUT I FIRED HIM! HE'S GONE! HE--HE MUST STILL BE SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY! GO OUT AND FIND HIM! FIND HIM AT ANY COST AND BRING HIM BACK!!
HURRY!! HURRY, YOU FOOLS!!

AND SO WE LEAVE HARRY MARKHAM, ALONE IN HIS FACTORY, AS HIS EMPLOYEES SEARCH LONDON FOR A MYSTERIOUS OLD MAN! BUT WE LEAVE IT TO YOU... WHAT ARE THE CHANCES OF FINDING ONE MAN IN A CITY OF MILLIONS? ESPECIALLY, WHEN YOU'RE NOT SEARCHING VERY HARD!!
I CAN'T STOP DRAWING (GASP) I CAN'T STOP DRAWING!!
THE END


THE MIGHTY THOR!
"THE TRIAL OF THE GODS!"
AT LAST, THOR AND HIS EVIL ARCH-ENEMY LOKI, ARE ABOUT TO UNDERGO THE MOST DANGEROUS TEST OF ALL TIME, TO DETERMINE WHICH OF THEM HAS LIED TO REGAL ODIN, IMMORTAL MONARCH OF ASGARD!
LET THE TRIAL BEGIN!!
WE DON'T LIKE TO BOAST—BUT WE HONESTLY THINK THERE'S NEVER BEEN A TRIAL LIKE IT—YOU CAN DECIDE FOR YOURSELF IN THIS WEEK'S FANTASTIC!
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A Power House PIN-UP
THE RINGMASTER
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.